

# CLAW & FANG

Number 119  
October 10, 1980

Published monthly for Don Horton. Sub rate is 45¢ per issue. #124 will be the last issue. There are no game openings.

This issue is dedicated to the grizzly bear (Ursus horribilis).

The following is from the editorial page of THE SACRAMENTO BEE.

"In spy novels and apparently in real life, the Swiss are rather nonchalant about Cold War espionage, amicably harboring agents from all corners of the world and placidly ignoring their shenanigans. This is possible because the Swiss have few political or military secrets to worry about themselves. But economic espionage is another matter altogether, and Swiss counterespionage agents went into full-scale alert recently when they discovered that someone had been trying to sell Swiss chocolate secrets to Russia, China, East Germany and Saudi Arabia.

"In no time at all, a young couple--she, an apprentice at the Suchard candy company--were arrested, presumably with recipes in hand. Since the couple never did manage to sell the secrets they were peddling, Swiss officials say the charges against them will likely be 'less severe than normal'--leaving the distinct impression that the treatment of 'normal' chocolate treason is very severe indeed.

"The whole affair was settled so swiftly, one can only wonder whether the Swiss have chocolate moles--and if they do, where one can apply for the job."

End of Editorial

The scene is the personnel office of the Suchard chocolate company in Bern.

"I have your application right here, Mr. Master."

"That's Fangmaster."

"Yes, I can see that...Mr. Fang NMI Master."

"No, just Fangmaster...but enough of that, do I get the job?"

"Where did you hear about a job opening as a chocolate mole?"

"I read it in the paper."

"I'm sorry, but there is no such job. However, next spring we might have an opening for a chocolate bunny rabbit."

"Well, if that's all, I guess I might take it."

"Very well, then, see you next March. And do file those teeth down a bit."

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## ATTENTION PLAYERS IN 1978HK

I haven't heard from Rod Walker in two months so you had better send me copies of your last orders (Fall 1909). Also, your votes on the draws.



## DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH CLAW &amp; FANG

(These two articles first appeared in CLAW & FANG in 1973. They were subsequently reprinted in the San Francisco INTELLIGENCER in May 1974 and October 1974.)

## THE ADVENTURES OF FANGMASTER IN EUROPE

## Travel is Broadening

Some people go to Europe to visit the museums and see the great art treasures. Others go because of their interest in the history. Still others want to see the natural wonders such as the Rhine, the Matterhorn, or Lake Geneva. I, however, go to Europe to eat. After all, don't they say that travel is broadening?

This doesn't mean that I seek out the top-rated most expensive restaurants I can find, such as Tour d'Argent, Maxim's, and Caprice. If I did, my eating would end abruptly after the first meal. My finances have always had trouble keeping up with my appetite. No, instead, I seek out the moderately and modestly priced restaurant in order to remain solvent while sampling the different cuisines of the various countries I visit.

I don't speak any foreign language, but, with the aid of a menu translator, I have become pretty adept at restaurant French, restaurant German, etc. Of course, one of the first things I learned was the words for food I didn't like, e.g., foie, Leber fegato, and lever.

As you probably know, the French tire manufacturer Michelin rates restaurants by various symbols standing for different attributes. Chefs have been known to commit suicide because a Michelin star was taken away from their establishment. It seems only fitting somehow that ye olde wanderer institute a special system for rating restaurants.

It has been said that it is possible to find a bad restaurant in Paris, but you really have to look for one. I subscribe to that statement for the most part. I also believe that you can find a good restaurant in London, but you really have to look for it. The best restaurants in London are foreign restaurants. We had a very good meal in a French restaurant in London--but for English cooking, watch out. The venerable Simpson's on the Strand has a good reputation but mediocre food. The prime rib was good, as was the Yorkshire pudding. The potatoes and cabbage, yuk! For dessert I had trifle--very mediocre. If you can't get good trifle in England, where can you get it? Simpson's does have one note of distinction: English waiters. These were recently put on the endangered species list, and it was reassuring to see such a large colony still in their native habitat. For at least serving something digestible, I award Simpson's a single yellow map pin.

The best English style restaurant in London is Stone's Chop House. I only saw one English waiter, but the food was very good. Like Simpson's, Stone's Chop House serves the prime rib from a rolling cart. In three visits we also sampled roast chicken, roast duck, and such delicious desserts as plum pie with custard sauce. Helpmate always topped off her meal with a fresh banana. (There are those who would say the wrong one was eating the banana.) I award Stone's Chop House two silver fangs and a gold toothpick. The rest of the English restaurants get a glass of Bromo to pass on to their customers.

Next, we cross the Channel for continental cuisine.

## Dining, Part II

I won't dwell on the Paris restaurants we feasted at. Let it suffice to say that I awarded a number of silver fangs. (The waiters would have preferred tips--but what would you rather have, money or recognition?) Elsewhere in France we also encountered several good meals. One of the most noteworthy was in Mont-Saint-Michel, which is famous for omelets. We stopped in at the Mere Poulard and Helpmate and I

(continued overleaf)

"Certainly," I finally exploded, "There's a good deal I can do with him: if I only had a larger car I could chrome plate him and stick him on the bonnet! We could take him to the village square, sit him on his back, and get up a foursome for team quoits! OR YOU COULD NAIL A BLOODY DOOR TO HIS BACK AND USE HIM FOR A BLOODY END TABLE! OR you could...."

"Trouble then, is there?" interrupted Siegfried in clipped tones. The vehemence of my explanations must have drawn him from the back room.

(continued overleaf)

each ordered an omelet for lunch. I committed the faux pas of asking what flavors the omelets come in. (A habit I picked up at the Broken Egg in Santa Cruz.) The omelets are cooked over a wood fire and were so light we had to hold them down on the plate to eat them. I award the Mere Poulard a platinum omelet pan.

No series on European eating places could be complete without mentioning the Austrian coffee houses. The best known of these is Demel's in Vienna. Demel's is easy to find. I just followed the trail of torn up Weight Watchers Membership Cards. Once inside, there was a large selection of luncheon dishes. But more important, there was a large table covered with different varieties of cakes and tortes beckoning to me. Using International Sign Language, I pointed at my selections. The waitress put them on plates and handed me not the plates, but a slip of paper. It read "28" in Austrian. (It read the same in English.) The next job was to find a table. Once seated, I ordered coffee and handed the slip of paper to the waitress. She disappeared, and after I had several hungry moments, she reappeared with my selections. The wait was worth it. I have awarded Demel's a golden fang, a silver fork, and a glob of schlag.

Another interesting--and good--eating place in Vienna is the city hall. Particularly in the Germanic countries there is a tradition of having a good restaurant in the city hall (Rathaus). This tradition came about because the city fathers were usually dedicated eaters and didn't want to go too far for a good meal. The one in Vienna (the Rathauskeller) is a very large operation. There are a number of large dining rooms, and you feel like you are eating in a banquet hall. However, the menu is extensive, the prices reasonable (considering the starved dollar) and there is music in the evenings. If you like you can have a wine fount brought to your table and you can drink it up Viennese style. I had veal and Helpmate had a mixed grill. She preceded the grill with a typical European plate of radishes and butter. I followed my veal with a "Denmark Coupe." This was a hot fudge sundae, but what a delicious chocolate sauce it was; thinner and with much more flavor than one gets here. I award that city hall restaurant a silverlined pocket.

One of the penalties I must pay for going to Europe is being dragged through numerous art museums by Helpmate. Her never-ceasing project of instilling culture into me is rewarded when I show interest in Hieronymus Bosch and the Brueghels (Younger and Elder). I have also been known to sneak a lingering glance at a Rubens. However, I have made the happy discovery that most European museums also have a fairly decent restaurant. Now, after I have walked my legs off through the morning, I can sit down to a good lunch right in the museum and grow another pair and be ready for an afternoon of trudging. Museum restaurants I remember as being particularly good (or I was particularly tired) are the ones in the Tate Gallery in London and Rijkmuseum in Amsterdam. For helping me through some trying times I award all European museums a gold corrective shoe.

In concluding this discussion of European restaurants I should mention paying the check. Except in restaurants that have been Americanized to some extent, the European custom is not to present the check to the customer until he asks for it. Being used to seeing the check appear on my table while I am still half way through my final cup of coffee, I naturally thought the same thing would happen over there. Seeing other diners come and go and getting fearful I would soon have to order breakfast at the same place (and at those prices, wow!) I stumbled onto this custom and signaled the waiter. The waiter gives you the check and when you pay he makes change right on the spot. Each waiter carries a purse and takes care of his own diners. He doesn't disappear down some dark hallway with your money. In most places the service charge is included in the bill, but you can leave extra small change. If the waiter is unduly grateful, you'll know you made a mistake in the value of the coins.

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1980AC (MENSA 10) AUTUMN 1903: Russia NRR F Swe R OTB.  
WINTER 1903: England (Hodgdon) build A Lon; France removes A Par; Germany builds F Kie, A Ber; Italy builds F Rom, F Nap; Russia NRR GM removes A Lva (Germany into CD); Turkey builds A Con, A Ank. SPRING 1904 due November 10. Thanks to Arnold Vagts for standby orders for England which were not needed.

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 A Edi-Den, F Mid-NAt, F For H, A Bre-Pic, A Par-Bur  
 Italy (Ditter): (Aut '05: F Bul sc R Gre, B F Nap) A Tyo H,  
 A Vie-Gal, A Bud S A Vie-Gal, A Rum-Bul, A Ser & F ore S  
 A Rum-Bul, A Tri-Alb, F Nap-Ion, F Aea-Con, F Bas-Smy  
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 A Bul-Ank, F Bla C A Bul-Ank, A Con S A Smy, A Smy S A Con,  
 A Nwy-StP, A Fin S A Nwy-StP, F Swe-Nwy, F Bar S F Swe-Nwy

Fall 1906 orders are due 7 November 1980.

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(continued from page 5)

"Aye, Mr. Siegfried. Me Kaiser just ain't himself. 'e can't get around like he used to, an' 'e won't eat." Nod nod nod.

"We think it's 'is pyne-crease. Cud you check 'is pyne-crease?"

"Certainly, Clever Tom. Pancreas it could well be. Out you all go now, let me have him for a day or two and I'll see what I can do. No promises, now!" And as he escorted them out, his disapproving glance let me know that I really should be more reasonable when dealing with the public.

End of Chapter 14

The Fangmaster back in Europe? See pages 3 and 4 in  
 CLAW & FANG #119 sent your way by

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England, Italy builds F Rom, F Nap, Russia now can removes it from Germany into SD,  
 Turkey builds A Con, A Ank. SPRING 1904 due November 10. Thanks to Arnold Vagts for  
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